

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,

Poin. Downe fell his hose.

Fal. Began to giu me ground: but I followed me close, came in foore and hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monstrous! eleuen buckrom men grown out of two?

Fal. But as the diuell would haue it, three mis-begotten knaues, in kendal greene, came at my backe, and let driue at me for it was so darke, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prin. These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts thou knotty-pated foole, thou horsen obscene greasie tallow catch,

Fal. What art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason, What saiest thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reason Iacke, your reason.

Fal. What, vpon compulsion? Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blackeberries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-pressen, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

Fal. Zbloud you starueling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzel, you stockefish: O for breath to vter! what is like thee? you taylers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

Prin. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tired thy selfe in base comparisōs, heare me speak but thus

Poi. Marke, Iacke.

Pri. We two, saw you foure, set on foure, & bound them, & were masters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale shal put you downe: then did wee two set on you foure, and with a word,

word, outfac't you from your
it you here in the house. & Fa
way as nimbly, with as quick
still run & roare, as euer I hear
to hack thy sword as thou ha
What tricke? what deuce? wh
find out, to hide thee from this

Poin. Come lets heare, Iacke

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye
heare you, my masters, was it f
should I turne vpon the true I
as valiant as Hercules: but, bew
touch the true Prince, instin
on instin, I shall thinke the b
my life; I, for a valiant Lyon, a
by the Lord, lads, I am glad yo
to the doores, watch to night,
boyes, hearts of gold, al the rit
you. What shall we be merr
pore:

Prin. Content, & the argum

Fal. A, no more of that Hal

Ho. O Iesu, my Lord the P

Prin. How now my Lady th

Ho. Marry, my L. there is a

would speake with you: he saie

Prin. Giue him as much, as

send him back againe to my m

Fal. What manner of man

Ho. An old man,

Fal. What doth grauitie out

giue him his answer?

Prin. Prethee do, Iacke, *Fal.* I

Prin. Now sirs, birlady you

did you Bardol, you are Lyons

you wil not touch the true Pri

Bar. Faith, I ran when I saw